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The Socialist Spirit

The Fellowship

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The Fellowship is a group organized for service in the socialist movement. The members of this group will make special studies of socialist needs and crises, of opportunities and developments, and furnish the results to the movement in the form of articles for the socialist press, and lectures wherever desired.

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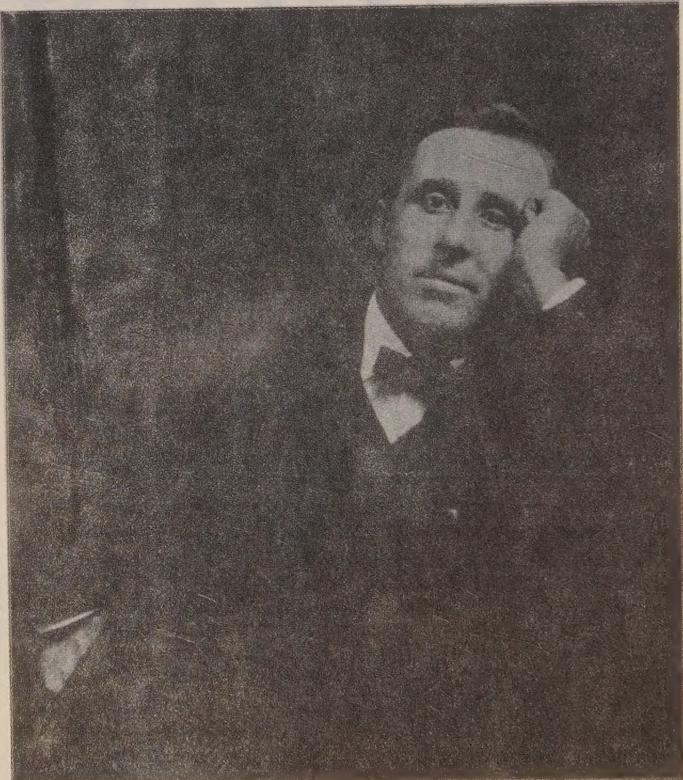


Photo by Bertha Howell, 480 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

WILLIAM MAILLY

(Of the Fellowship of the Socialist Spirit, who is now in the field
of the great anthracite coal strike.)

"The right of the humblest human soul to the resources and liberty needful for living a complete and unfearing life is infinitely more sacred than the whole fabric and machinery of civilization."

The Socialist Spirit

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The Coal Strike

In making public
their correspondence
with the coal min-

ers which preceded the present strike, the presidents of the coal roads which own the anthracite mines seem to have had two objects in view. One was to spread broadcast the assertion that although they increased wages 10 per cent in 1900 the average efficiency of the miners thereafter decreased 12 per cent, involving a loss to the mine owners. The other object was to make public the statement that the miners, in urging the mine owners to raise wages, recommended that the latter make up the increased expenditure by increasing the price of coal to the consumer.

Both of these charges and several others are effectually met in the statement now given to the public by President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers of America. Mr. Mitchell points out that while an increase of 10 per cent was granted two years ago a large portion of it was paid back to the coal companies to effect a settlement of an old dispute concerning the purchase of powder. He quotes from the government reports, moreover, to show that there has been no such depreciation in the workingmen's productive capacity as the coal operators allege. In fact, taking the daily average production of the miners, the output was 2.36 tons for each

man in 1901 as against 2.16 tons in 1900. Meantime, while the operators affect to view with righteous horror the proposition to make higher wages possible by means of increased charges to the consumer, the fact remains that the selling price of coal actually has been advanced, although no part of the increased returns is shared by the miners. The selling price of coal is now 39 cents a ton greater than it was in 1900, although the cost of production in the same time has increased only 13 cents. Nor should it be forgotten that while to the consumer a ton of coal means 2,240 pounds the ton produced by the miner is reckoned at 3,190 pounds, while the latter is arbitrarily docked a portion of his wages where the ton contains impurities.

In beginning his rejoinder John Mitchell says:

Every delay and precaution, every conceivable conciliatory effort that honorable and conservative men could take to avert a rupture and every means that thought could suggest to bring the matter in dispute to arbitration was resorted to by the union both before the strike order was issued and since it went into effect, but without avail; the coal magnates replying to all our overtures with the declaration that there was nothing to arbitrate. This statement on their part is equivalent to saying that the coal-mine workers have made unreasonable demands and have struck without real or sufficient cause. To this let plain, unvarnished facts and figures reply.

For more than twenty-five years the anthracite coal workers of Pennsylvania have chafed and groaned under the most intolerable and inhuman conditions of employment imaginable. Their average

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annual earnings have been less than those of any other class of workmen in the United States, notwithstanding the fact that their work is more hazardous and the cost of living greater than in any other important American industry.

After taking up one by one the points advanced by the coal monopolists, and proving their utter speciousness and transparent dishonesty, John Mitchell concludes:

Conscious of the great responsibility resting upon us, apprehensive of the danger threatening our commercial supremacy should the coal miners of the entire United States become participants in this struggle, we repeat our proposition to arbitrate all questions in dispute, and if our premises are wrong, if our position is untenable, if our demands cannot be sustained by facts and figures, we will again return to the mines, take up our tools of industry and await the day when we shall have a more righteous cause to claim the approval of the American people.

That in the face of such clear, fair, manful words as these the coal monopolists should refuse to arbitrate, argues a stupidity on the part of capitalist greed that is incomprehensible. Public sentiment is being made very fast these days, and the coal barons should see the handwriting on the wall. Every hour of their obstinacy brings them nearer the final dispossession of the coal fields; natural resources belonging to all the people, held so long in the clutches of private exploitation. Those who realize how dull the masses are, and how powerful an object-lesson is required to rouse them from their apathy, cannot but rejoice that the coal monopolists are exposing themselves in all their inhumanity and gluttony, and that they are doing more today for their own overthrow and the assumption of the mines by the people, than many years of socialist agitation might accomplish. Even such astute journals as the Chicago Daily News, which is never known to champion any cause or any principle until the people in the mass have declared themselves for it, shows its teeth in an editorial of June 23rd, much like an honest watch-dog:

If the brute greed which dominates the anthracite trust is not amenable to milder restraints it is time for the government to intervene for the protection

of human beings who are being degraded, oppressed and outraged for the offense of trying to earn a decent livelihood by the hardest kind of labor. The coal operators have failed to make out a case. The developments thus far have served only to emphasize the fact that they have all the power to dominate the market, fix transportation rates, limit the opportunities for labor and pay starvation wages to the miner while they mulct the public to the limit.

In suggesting government intervention the News is almost guilty of socialist propaganda. The fact in the way is that the people do not own the government, at least at present; the government owns the people. President Roosevelt's spectacular outcry against the meat trust was principally bombast. If he wanted something real to tackle here was the notorious coal monopoly right under his nose, violating every law of statute and sentiment. He sends Carroll D. Wright to "investigate," and then decides not to interfere.

The valorous Teddy, hero of San Juan, is cowed into silence by his master, Capitalism. If he dared do what he knows he should do, he would be driven into private life. The cry which is now coming from the navy, that it has not enough anthracite coal to keep the engines going, should make some one move.

**In the
Strike Field**

❀

Meanwhile the seventh week of the strike is passing. Mailly is in the field actively at work, and writes that the opportunities for socialist propaganda are unsurpassed. He is speaking as many times a day as he can, and writing most of the night. The big towns of the coal region show no outward evidence that a strike is on, but in the small mining settlements men can be seen on all corners, eagerly ready to listen to any word of hope or liberation. John Mitchell's address to the public has been read and re-read many times. Immediately after its publication groups of men gathered in places in the mining towns and listened while one of their number read aloud the address of their chief.

The faith in the steadfast Mitchell by

these hundred thousand men is deeply moving. The glee club mentioned in Mailly's article of this issue went to New York on June 23rd, to give a series of concerts for the aid of the miners' strike. They sang on the ferryboat as it crossed the river. Some one took up a collection and there was more than enough to pay the cost of the railroad fares of the entire party of twelve from Wilkesbarre. The people are waking up; expressions of sympathy are unmistakable; but the battle is far from won. The mine operators are in an ugly mood and they will not submit to any kind of arbitration until the cloud of public sentiment grows still darker.

Mailly writes from Wilkesbarre:

What will be the outcome of the struggle is problematical. At present the operators are making no efforts to run the mines, other than an attempt at keeping out water and preventing gas from accumulating. They are having a hard time doing this even, and they will suffer greatly financially; for in addition to the damage done to the mines, must also be reckoned that inflicted upon the machinery by the incompetent men brought from the outside. For instance, I am told that a valuable air-compressor, at the Cunyngham mine, has been nearly ruined since the strike began.

The class lines are drawn in this fight with a vengeance. The strikers admit of no equivocation or hesitation in a person showing on which side he or she stands. It is a case of being either for or against, and the merchant, politician, hotelkeeper or whomever else who hesitates or shows courtesy or shelter to the enemy or its satellites suffers for it. This feeling extends even among families, and civil war never stirred up more bitter strife between relatives than this strike has. The fight is carried into local school boards and the schools themselves, as in one instance, where the children of strikers refused to be taught by the sister of a scab, and quit in a body. All this is incomprehensible to the business man who has to toe the mark, or the mine owner who finds his power and influence weakened through it.

The latter, especially, while inviting war, such as this surely is, refuses to abide by the rules of war. He assumes the right to import the city degenerates, to arm them and allow them to intimidate the strikers, to provoke outbreaks of violence, to shoot and kill, as was done to the little McCann boy at Ashley, to bribe workmen to betray their class, and use the press of the country to falsify and prejudice the miners' cause, but when the miner carries the war into Africa and retaliates in kind, his con-

duct is denounced as "flendish" and "un-American."

With all this, however, it is astonishing how quiet these 150,000 idle men are. True, there have been demonstrations against scabs at several places, but no more than might occur on a holiday. There will be far worse on the Fourth of July in every city in the country. These demonstrations have been denounced and discouraged by the union in many localities. There appears to be no desire to injure anyone. The miners are content to fight the battle out along the present lines. They have not allowed themselves to be provoked into outbreaks, such as the mine owners really desire and try to bring about. The discipline is good, and if maintained, should do more than anything else to bring victory.

But there is the question of food to be reckoned with. So far this has not troubled the union much, for notwithstanding the low wages received, the miners have gotten along very well. This is due to the preparations made for some time past, and there have been few complaints heard and no appeals made for support. Those of the strikers who have nothing have been able to get credit at the stores. The uncompromising position of the men has prevented merchants, who might feel inclined to refuse credit to old customers, from doing so. They know that the strike cannot last forever, and, win or lose, they will be remembered. Of course, if the strike continues much longer, help will be needed and it should be forthcoming. No workingman, or sympathizer with the working class, would hesitate to give help were it possible for them to see and hear with their own eyes and ears the conditions under which the miners work and live.

In writing of these conditions I know it will be hard to be conservative enough to save myself from the accusation of exaggeration. But it would be harder still to succeed in telling the whole truth and feel the subject has received full justice.

The encircling hills make the Wyoming Valley a natural amphitheater, where, at this season of the year, everything is lovely except where man has left his handiwork to mar the scene. For let the eye turn where it will huge coal breakers, hugged close by grim culm piles, rise up to blot the landscape and remind you that here King Profit reigns. It is the abundance of natural beauty blooming everywhere in the valley that makes the conditions under which the human beings live here more revolting to contemplate.

Mailly need have no fear that charges of exaggeration regarding the intensity of feeling in the strike field will be laid at his door. The commonest dispatches which creep into the newspapers adequately support his observations. Because the general manager would not discharge five girls whose relatives are

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still at work in the mines, the Wilkes-barre lace manufacturing company, the largest in the United States, was compelled to shut down. Between 800 and 1,000 persons are affected. The lace-makers and cotton-workers are strongly organized, and have been helping the striking miners in every way possible. It appears the lace-makers learned that relatives of the girls were working in the mines, and the girls were given the alternative of either quitting the lace mill or having their relatives leave the collieries. Failing in this, the cotton workers' union requested the discharge of the girls, but the manager refused to comply, and the employes quit.

Agitation is being carried on in the coal fields of West Virginia to bring the miners there into the strike. Mother Jones is there in the thick of it, and the following dispatches from trusted men to the headquarters of the Socialist party, published in the bulletin, explain themselves:

Clarksburg, W. Va., June 18.—Of all the slavery man suffers the worst is here. The conditions are almost incredible. The strike is on in full force—and the men only too glad to make this effort to get out of bondage. Twenty-five thousand are now out and others following. Total will reach 90,000 by end of the week.

Mother Jones marching with her army of "boys" presents a spectacle not seen since the days of the Revolution in Virginia. The crowd cheers her and the marchers, as they parade carrying the empty dinner pails in their hands.

Monongah, W. Va., June 19.—All strike leaders but Mother Jones arrested last night and she may be taken at any moment. The "permanent injunction" is being enforced by arming thugs with Winchesters to shoot down miners. The Fairmont Coal Co. forced women into the mines last night to load coal. It is a reign of terror. Mother Jones will lead the miners to meeting-place tonight—in a body—and address them. The companies are fearful of arresting her, much as they would like to do so. Imported Italians from New York are armed here by companies and instructed to shoot. Reporters are being paid from \$5 to \$10 per day to falsify the facts. The Wheeling News is a mass of fabrications.

Clarksburg, W. Va., June 20.—Mother Jones arrested here this afternoon upon Judge Jackson's injunction while addressing mass meeting of miners and citizens.

The Fairmont Coal Company is the property of J. P. Morgan & Company, and Mr. Morgan's methods may easily be recognized in the conditions described by the above dispatches. The statement that reporters are being bribed to falsify the dispatches would be difficult to believe did not ocular evidence support it. On the 19th, the day before Mother Jones' arrest, the following dispatch from this very field was printed in the Roanoke Times:

The strike situation has suddenly taken on a complete change. It looks now as if there was not the least chance for the strikers to win. So large a number have returned to work that those who would have remained away and fought it out have become discouraged, and many of them are going back into the mines. The mine owners are jubilant over conditions, and think the end of the strike is near. Many coke ovens which have been dark for ten days have been again lighted up. Guards are still being kept at the mines, but not in such a large number as previously.

By capitalist control of the newspapers any limit of deviltry may be perpetrated against the workers and the reports falsified to keep the public in ignorance. It is astonishing how slow the people are to believe that this sort of thing is going on.

Plans for War

Meanwhile the workers are not idle. They do not propose to stand about and be starved into subjection. The union officials realize the great responsibility which rests upon them, and the anathema that will be called down upon them as the strike spreads; but they know that their cause is just, and that their fight is a peaceful one, so far as they can make it so, for human liberty.

An official call for a convention of the United Mine Workers of America was issued Wednesday afternoon, June 18th, from the national headquarters in Indianapolis, by Secretary Wilson. The convention will meet at Indianapolis July 17th, to determine whether the soft coal miners of the country shall go out on strike to assist the striking anthracite miners of Pennsylvania. The basis

of apportionment of delegates to the convention is one for every 100 members of every local union and fraction over 50. This will make a convention of 1,000 delegates. The voting strength of all locals is between 2,300 and 2,400. Of this number the convention will have a voting strength of from 1,700 to 1,800. A bare majority, a few more than 900, can declare a strike. The anthracite regions east 747 votes; Virginia and Michigan, which joined in the call for the convention, have 52, making 799 votes from these five districts, which united to call the convention.

As stated at headquarters, conditions are not satisfactory to miners in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas and Indian Territory, and it is believed the delegates from these states will vote for a strike. In the call for the convention Messrs. Mitchell and Wilson show by what authority they are enabled to call a convention, and quote at some length from the constitution of the mine workers for the guidance of local unions in selecting their delegates.

The five districts that applied for this convention were the three anthracite districts, the Michigan district and the West Virginia district, where a strike is now on. President Mitchell has had the consent of the five districts for some time, but did not see fit to issue the call until the 18th. There are approximately about 450,000 coal miners in the United States. Of these, about 350,000, Mr. Mitchell says, are affiliated with the union, and an additional 50,000 comply with the legislation of the miners' organization. The anthracite delegates will go into the convention with 142,000 striking hard coal miners at their back for a general strike. The West Virginia delegates will have approximately 25,000 behind them for a strike, and in Michigan, where the union has been having trouble, the delegates will also be instructed for a national suspension. Central Pennsylvania will contribute a certain number of delegates who will want a general strike, as will also Ken-

tucky. It remains for western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana to offset this, as it is unofficially understood that the miners in those sections are not very enthusiastic.

If the anthracite coal monopolists hold their present position another month they may bring upon the American people a crisis that will not soon be forgotten. Even now the scarcity of fuel, beside crippling the navy, which is a small matter, is beginning to be seriously felt by the people. This is especially true of New York city, where the public ordinances prohibit the use of soft coal. People are thus driven to burn the anthracite, whose production has been stopped, and the result is that prices of hard coal are soaring. There has been an advance of \$2 a ton retail in the New York market since the outbreak of the strike. If cold weather were approaching the situation would soon become intolerable.

**The Coal
Trust**

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Congress might quickly open a small way of escape from the exactions of the anthracite coal monopoly by repealing the tariff on bituminous coal. This would bring within easier reach the soft coal from the eastern provinces of Canada, which, in the form of coke, as now sold in various parts of New England, becomes a tolerable fuel for household use. The present duty on bituminous coal is 67 cents per ton, and this should be an interesting fact for those Republicans who are not coal monopolists to contemplate.

It is a question how long they will have the fortitude to keep up their shouts of prosperity, when they really begin to recognize the outlines of the coal monopoly, and what it means to their pocket-books. Despite the fact that President Roosevelt's nose-glasses do not magnify enough for him to see it, there is no question about the existence of this trust. It is one of the most perfectly organized combinations in the country. Under it the hard coal

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mines are worked as by one management, and the yearly production and the prices at which it is to be sold are definitely fixed in advance. For example, the order of business for the past year limited production to 55,000,000 tons, which was allotted to the various corporations as follows:

	Per cent.	Tons.
Reading company	32.20	17,710,000
Lehigh Valley.....	15.65	8,607,500
Lackawanna	13.35	7,342,500
New Jersey Central.....	12.70	6,985,000
Pennsylvania	11.40	6,270,000
Erie lines	7.20	3,960,000
Outsiders	7.50	4,125,000
	100.00	55,000,000

The prices at which the coal was to be sold to dealers in the various markets were also fixed, with the monthly variations, and other terms upon which the dealers must buy were specified.

To the coal dealer and the consumer there is practically but one seller of coal, and they must come up to his terms or go without. It would be difficult to conceive of a monopoly more perfectly established or operated than this monopoly which holds complete possession of a great store of Nature most necessary to the life of the day; and the attitude of the combination in resisting a union among its employees and refusing to recognize it in the hope of breaking it down, only serves to hold up the coal monopoly as all the more insufferable. Still no writ of injunction issues against it, and there is no indication that the government will pray in the United States courts for the issuance of such a writ. Is it because the futility of such a proceeding is clearly recognized? It would appear that this is so. The breaking up of the coal combination and the restoration of competitive operations are out of the question. The supply of anthracite coal is limited, and becoming more so every year. The railroad corporations which own nearly the whole supply are interlocked to a large extent through a common ownership, which cannot be broken up. There is but one way to deal with this monopoly, and that is the way in which railroad

monopoly itself is to be dealt with, through the ownership by the people of their own highways and their own material resources, too long left in the hands of unscrupulous adventurers and disturbers of the public peace.

How Hunger Recruits the Navy



The government has opened a recruiting station for the navy at Scranton, Penn. It hopes to glean, out of the strife of the strike, enough men to work in the black holes of the battleships. One of the New York papers thus announces the government's intention:

Philadelphia, June 14.—Traveling recruiting stations for that part of the state included in the anthracite coal district, as a consequence of the strike among the mine workers, are to be established by the Navy department within a short time in order to reach the most desirable of the unemployed mine workers, who, for a time prior to the strike and since its inception, have been eagerly seeking service under the government.

That the mine workers are looking for a long strike and are in large numbers seeking enlistment as a means of employment was indicated at the recruiting headquarters of the Marine Corps and the Navy Department in this city. Yesterday among a number of recruits presenting themselves to Lieutenant E. F. Lelper at the naval station on Market street, below Jupiter, were several from Mahanoy City, Schuylkill County, who told him that a batch of fifty had come down with them from that city yesterday morning with the object of enlisting in some branch of the government service.

Major Barnett, recruiting officer for the Marine Corps here, has had a similar experience. This arm of the service has had branch stations in various parts of the coal region, and for the months of April and May the enlistments were larger than ever before, except during the time of the Spanish-American war.

"It is a remarkable fact," said Major Barnett, "that during April, of the entire batch of men enlisted there was but one who was not an American, and more than three-fourths of all were men who worked in the mines. Last month we succeeded in getting our full quota of enlistments allowed under the law, and consequently were forced to close our offices in the state. There is, however, in the appropriation bill which will shortly be disposed of by Congress a portion which, if allowed, will permit a still further increase. In that event stations all through the coal region will be opened."

The plan of using economic distress as a lever by which to make men help

to kill their fellows is as old as history. The navy is a foul place to work and no one will serve in it who can get a decent job outside it. This truth shines between every line of the above dispatch. The officers like it;—strutting in uniform is easy; it is easy to get enough officers. But of enlisted men the navy never has enough. The number of desertions last year was 3,158 out of a total of 18,825 men in the service, or about 15 per cent. This fact strikes deep, and shows that the average enlisted man does not find the navy an attractive place. He enlists when he can find nothing else to do, and when he gets in he deserts if he dares.

There is a sociological significance in this careful weeding out of the native Americans from the coal districts. The Americans make the leaders of revolt; it is seldom a "foreigner" who plans a strike. By extracting the Americans from the mining region the Navy Department does Capitalism a signal service. The American middle class has no use for the "foreigner" and it is very little disturbed over the shooting of Huns, Poles or Italians. It is the presence of Americans in the coal fields that hold back a trifle the ruthless extermination of discontent.

The Sultan of Turkey has just issued an order that no more books are to be published in that country. He declares there are books enough now. To all booksellers, printers and bookbinders he has given places on the force of the secret police. This is the way he checks propaganda and copes with discontent. The Sultan is not a tyrant. He is the agent of Capitalism. The only difference between America and Turkey is that we have the tradition of freedom, which compels the American agents of Capitalism to work more indirectly.

Here our radical publications are suppressed by the withdrawal of mailing privileges and American men are starved into the army and navy by the operations of economic exploitation.

Meanwhile emigration continually fills their places in the industrial system

with foreign importations having a lower standard of living and vaguer ideas of liberty.

Immigration was very heavy a year ago, but it is now much larger, and a noticeable fact is that the increase is especially marked from European countries where industrial depression is most pronounced. For the fiscal year 1901 the total immigration into the United States was 469,237, against only 217,786 in 1898—the inrush having more than doubled in volume during the past three years. In the first two months of the present calendar year arrivals at New York numbered over 48,000, as compared with 35,500 during the same time last year. The other day 2,692 immigrants arrived at New York on a single steamer from Bremen, breaking all cargo records of this description. The largest number previously brought over on one vessel was 2,449.



A Pious Welcome

It is a touching and impressive fact that after graduating our own native-born people out of the stress of poverty into the profession of public murderers, we should meet the incoming foreigner with bibles. The grotesque hypocrisy of Capitalistic religion is never more clearly set out than in its most smug and disingenuous journal the "Outlook." On the subject of immigration it says in its editorial review:

Confessedly the immigrant problem is one of the most difficult with which we have to deal, because so many of those coming to us from other lands are not intelligent Christians. They have not been taught, and many of them never possessed a copy of the Scriptures. The New York Bible Society tries to place the whole or a portion of the Bible into the hands of each immigrant landing at Ellis Island without the Scriptures. Mr. Ernest Jackson, the immigrant agent, has met the 816 vessels that have arrived there within the last year. These vessels brought 410,107 immigrants to this country—11,007 more than came the previous year—whose poverty, ignorance, and lack of Christianity cause serious apprehension in regard to the future welfare of our country. Realizing that the best remedy for these evils of error and ignorance is the knowledge of the way of life revealed in the Gospel, the Scriptures in whole or in part are offered to them. The Society gave to these immigrants

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22,074 volumes in twenty-one different tongues. The largest number of these, 5,013, were given to German immigrants, and the next largest, 4,790, to Swedes. Many of these immigrants go through the gateways of New York to all parts of the country, but most remain here. No one can doubt that it is a good thing to greet strangers coming among us with a copy of the Bible.

Such work deserves richly the support and encouragement of all good people.

If the foreign-born residents read their bibles and follow the teachings of the new testament as sedulously as the "Outlook" does (which supports the American policy of extermination in the Philippines) they will no doubt finally reach the high state of spiritual development required by the government in the service of the navy.



Foreign Navy Leagues

It is not only the United States which has difficulty in recruiting its navy. The spread of intelligence throughout the world, and the plain truth-telling of the socialists, is opening the eyes of the people to the silliness of paying out their lives and substance in maintaining these hideous fighting-machines. This growing intelligence threatens so seriously to cripple the game of international bluster that the "good" people of many of the European nations have perfected organizations for deliberately debauching this moral perception which is beginning to manifest itself among the common people. The following recent dispatch to the Chicago Daily News is interesting as showing the results gained by this zealous organization and its highly moral propaganda:

Berlin, June 25.—Kaiser Wilhelm is rejoicing in the striking popularity of the navy manifested by the application of 1,700 young men for the 500 naval cadetships available on Feb. 1. Credit for the constantly increasing enthusiasm for the fleet is given to the Kaiser's initiative coupled with the efforts of the German Navy League, the 600,000 members of which, scattered throughout the empire, are pledged to the constant advocacy of the building up of a fighting marine service.

Six hundred thousand of the working-people of Germany could never be in-

duced to lend themselves to membership in such an organization; they have neither the time for, nor interest in, such a capitalist propaganda. It is the commercial classes and their following, taking their cue from the capitalists who pull the strings of the "war-lord," who have organized this league for the purpose of educating the working class in "patriotism."

The Navy League has just issued an effective chart entitled "The Blockade Peril," which illustrates how an enemy's fleet might endanger Germany's imported food supply, 75 per cent of which comes by sea.

It is tremendously impressive to the unintelligent.

That our own "patriots" would like to see this plan of a "navy league" duplicated in America is plain enough to the thoughtful. The Navy Department is getting tired of keeping its recruiting stations on wheels in the hope of catching a dissatisfied striker, or some other who wants even a disagreeable job to keep him from starving.

The last edition of "Notes on Naval Progress," issued by the navy department, contains this year a chapter on navy leagues, whose purpose it is not hard to discern. As Capt. Sigsbee says in the introduction, "Certain European nations, alive to the necessity for sea power, have been greatly assisted in securing naval appropriations through the work of navy leagues. The efforts of these societies in certain countries has been rewarded by large and steady increase in naval strength." That the navy would be glad to have a league started in this country is clear from the style in which the chapter is written. The writer starts with the idea that no nation can be of consequence without enormous naval power, and then says that the object of a league "is to educate the people to the needs of a great navy, and in that way influence legislation."

The navy leagues of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy and Spain are described, and among them that of Ger-

many is by far the most interesting, since it is apparently the most active and influential. The German league was organized in 1898, and since then it has zealously worked to educate the people up to the idea that Germany must be as strong as any other power on the sea.

The German navy league last January had over half-a million members, and in 1900 it spent \$223,541 in "educating the people." It publishes a year book, one monthly magazine, an official organ, and a popular pamphlet, four publications in all, each of them being designed to reach a special class. The pamphlet, entitled "Workmen and the Navy," is aimed at the working class, among whom it has been distributed to the extent of millions of copies.

The league offers prizes in the public schools for the best essays on naval subjects and arranges for the delivery of lectures and the exhibition of models of battle ships throughout the interior.

Five thousand mutoscopic views have been exhibited in various railway stations of the empire, and restaurants and bars have been opened where the attendants have been dressed as sailors, and the walls hung only with pictures relating to maritime subjects. The league has laid even jewelry under contribution for its propaganda. Special articles of jewelry have been specially made for the league—that is, scarf pins, trinkets, earrings, bracelets and necklaces have been sold in quantities by German jewelers, who pay the league a percentage on the right of reproduction.

With all this vicious education under full swing it may readily be believed that the dispatch to the Chicago Daily News regarding the "increasing enthusiasm for the fleet" is authentic.

It is not necessary to tell us that the German people are in a constant furore over their new navy, that they now "speak with enthusiasm and assurance of battle ships and cruisers, of military and naval maneuvers". Nor is it necessary to point out that this "education" they are getting will make them strain and itch in due time for a maritime war

in which their new battle ships and cruisers may be put to the real test.

One of the next developments is likely to be the establishment of an "American navy league," whose object shall be the "education" of the masses to ideas of naval predominance. American naval officers would rejoice over its formation, since large appropriations are necessary to carry the American fleet to the great size which the "most advanced" naval opinion now believes to be essential to American supremacy in this hemisphere and in the Pacific. It is safe to say that this country has only begun to realize the demands that the militarist school will make upon it in carrying out the theory of imperialism, and that if the socialist movement fails to make salutary headway in the next dozen years, the America which once symbolized the love of liberty will be stepping nimbly in every devil's dance of Europe.



The Movement in the West

Out in Colorado there has been quietly growing, largely ignored by the newspapers, a socialist sentiment that is now to crystallize into political action. In the West there have been two prominent labor organizations, the Western Labor Union and the Western Federation of Miners. These organizations held their annual conventions in Denver during the first week of June and met together in joint session to discuss the subject of independent political action.

The deliberations of the 300 delegates thus assembled resulted in a declaration in favor of Socialism and the determination to carry forward the battle at the ballot-box; which may result in the speedy capture of the local government in some of the Western states by the socialists. The combined organizations declared for labor unions organized along socialist lines, and announced their intention of pushing their organization eastward into the field now being covered by the American Federation of Labor.

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In view of this action the name of the Western Labor Union was changed to the American Labor Union.

The declaration on the part of this organization to invade the field of the American Federation of Labor will be received with mixed feelings by the large number of socialists in the latter body, who have been hoping at every succeeding convention to swing their organization into the socialist camp. There is no doubt that the socialist growth of the American Federation of Labor has been held back by its leaders; its principal head, Samuel Gompers, shining as the hand-and-glove conferee of such friends of labor as Grover Cleveland and Mark Hanna; but there is no disputing the fact that large numbers in this body do not yet see the necessity of political action and that their prejudice and "patriotism" may easily be aroused by the presence of an organization considered a rival. The trouble seems to be that the leaders of the western organization have either grown faster in intelligence than those in the east; or that they have more integrity. It is freely charged that Mr. Gompers is kept in his position only by the method of multiple representation and voting in use at the conventions of his organization, the same method also preventing a change in the system utilized; but those who remember Mailly's report of the last convention, published in the Socialist Spirit, will recall the convictions of the socialist members there present that in a year or two the organization could be captured in spite of the methods of representation, and the backward leaders duly ousted. This would unquestionably be the strategic thing. If the American Labor Union would confine its attention to victories in the West until the American Federation of Labor has ousted its reactionaries, a union could then be effected of vast and immediate political significance. There is no doubt that Mr. Gompers and the other conference-between-capital-and-labor men of his

organization will fight the American Labor Union tooth and nail, and it is possible that capitalist funds might be tendered to carry on and embitter the conflict.

Unfortunately the conflict has already been precipitated by the Brewery Workers' Unions being allied in the west with one organization and in the east with the other.

President Gompers has ordered them to withdraw all their unions affiliated with the American Labor Union, failing which their eastern unions will be expelled from the American Federation of Labor, and their union-made beer placed on the A. F. of L. black list. They must make a choice or split their organization into eastern and western unions.

What is the brewery workers' choice to-day may be the printers', cigarmakers', tailors', etc., choice to-morrow, if the battle goes on between the two labor organizations.

It may be that the socialists in the American Federation of Labor are now numerous enough to avert the struggle which Capitalism would so much like to see, deposing Gompers and raising the triumphant banner of progress; there is at least no doubt that the socialists in the organization will bend every energy to that end. They must realize that a fight like the old one between the American Federation and the Knights of Labor would be most unfortunate in the face of the coming crisis in America.

The coming convention of the American Federation of Labor at New Orleans will, or at least may be, a struggle for the life of the organization.



Another Western Movement

The interesting and spectacular Walter Vrooman has bobbed up again in Kansas City, Kansas, a village across the Kaw river from the real Kansas City, and is filling the minds of the peaceful inhabitants with consternation.

Recent dispatches from the West tell

of the purchase of six of the largest wheat elevators in Kansas and two of the largest flouring mills by the Western Co-operative Association, of which Mr. Vrooman is the head.

Mr. Vrooman has not yet purchased a trunk line to the seaboard, but if one of them does not soon fall into his net he may build one. He is a young man of much energy and enthusiasm, and, to those above a certain sentimental latitude, tremendously unconvincing. With a menagerie and a brass band he is now calling people together for purposes of co-operation; certainly a worthy purpose and a not uninteresting method.

The gist of his plan seems to be to induce small merchants to combine into a trust, or scattered department store, to accept a salary instead of profits, and to allow the whole combination to be directed by one head, who shall buy supplies in large quantities for all stores at once and thus effect a considerable economy. There is no doubt that this can be done successfully with intelligent management, and that by organizing consumers the latter can secure a small rebate on their purchases. Co-operation on the same lines has grown to an enormous figure in England. But there is nothing revolutionary about the scheme. It does not destroy land-monopoly nor railroad monopoly, and so it can do nothing more to improve the lot of the workers here than it has done in England; which is nothing at all.

It may be characterized as a middle-class bolt for individual salvation, which does not recognize the fact that social conditions are made by fiscal systems maintained by law through political action. Sectional co-operative movements can thrive only to the point where they encounter law-given privileges; then they must change the law by political action, or eat themselves up. It could be that by their co-operative action they might educate and fit themselves for political action, but the experience of the great English co-operatives has been that on slightly bettering their own

condition the members of them forget that there are wrongs to right and settle into complacent sloth.

One must have something more than a desire to economize by co-operation to make any headway against entrenched social wrong; and the great mass of the English co-operators are without a social faith or philosophy.

Mr. Vrooman's effort will in no wise alter the present system of wealth distribution until he has met and overthrown the railroads, and the various natural monopolies, by wresting from them the control of the government which now maintains them in their privileges.

Still Mr. Vrooman is an interesting young man, and his kicking about amuses him and does no one any harm.



What of Womanhood?

The "water-cure" revelations disclosed by the Philippine investigations have shamed even the "good" citizen.

America now stands before the world as base, as brutal and as unprincipled as the most debauched nation of history.

A Fourth of July celebration is now the very flower of hypocrisy.

It is true you cannot bring an indictment against a whole people. In the most degraded of countries there are still a few who love truth and justice and morality, but a country is judged by its official acts and its morality can rise no higher than its official representatives.

England has a Chamberlain; America has a Root; an unspeakable Root; a Root of all Evil.

"God," said Wendell Phillips, "gives us great scoundrels as texts for anti-slavery sermons."

It has been clearly and indisputably proven by public investigation that Root knew what was going on in the Philippines and that he perpetrated the lie of both commission and omission.

But as the head of the War Department he is guilty of crimes more un-

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speakable than the water-cure, lying and murder.

He has systematically aided in the debauchery of women, and the equally vile degradation of the men who "are preparing the way of the missionary in the Philippines."

Why do not the missionaries begin on Root, the "regulator" of vice, the master *procureur* of the United States government?

The capitalist newspapers and the capitalist pulpits are strenuous in upholding the sanctity of marriage and the sanctity of the home. *Whose* marriage, and *whose* home, do they mean?

As represented by Root, the Americans are a nation of panderers to the lust of their hired murderers.

These words may seem harsh but they are sternly and awfully true. The Americans are responsible for their agents; and Root is their hired agent.

Root has been "regulating vice" in the Philippines, that interesting social aspect of benevolent assimilation which is supposed to enable the soldier to indulge himself in the basest license with safety to his body, and Root has been regulating it in such manner that if the decent women of America were not kept in ignorance of his infamy he would be driven by public sentiment out of public life.

A few women do know it, and they have done what they can. As a result of their efforts the gross and revolting public insults systematically inflicted upon women in the Philippines have been somewhat modified. A Washington woman, Margaret Dye Ellis, was largely instrumental in forcing Root to act. Letters without number and many petitions signed by those who knew went to the War Department. They called for the abolition of the disgrace, and they were unheeded.

A respect for woman at home means a respect for woman everywhere. Women don't vote. Mr. Root didn't care very much about the petitions; he knew they would not get into the press.

How did he know it? He knew it because Capitalism is one: the departments work together; the press and the brothel are twins; they both are the instruments of debauchery.

The officers of the national American Woman Suffrage Association, who had been memorializing the government on the subject for two years, passed resolutions on the question at the time of the national convention last February, and sent a copy to every newspaper in Washington, *but not one printed them*. Mrs. Ellis made an earnest appeal before the Woman's National Council and secured the adoption of strong resolutions by that body.

She showed to the officers of the suffrage association and the council the official registration book issued by the United States authorities to one of the child prostitutes of the Philippines, whose name, translated, is "Mary of the Cross." Her photograph (the photograph of each "registered" woman was required to be pasted on the front of her book to identify her) was the portrait of a girl seemingly about 12 years old, with a childlike face and big, pathetic, dark eyes. The book contains the official records of her regular examinations by a government surgeon, and his signature testifying to her state of health.

Mrs. Ellis left this infamous book at the White House to be shown to the President; she placed it in the hands of a number of members of Congress. Finally she published a circular, giving the facts and a facsimile of the portrait, and left a copy in a sealed envelope at the house of every member of the congressional committee on the Philippines, besides sending copies out elsewhere. This was on February 17. On February 19 the following order was cabled to Manila:

Wright, Manila: It is considered advisable that upon medical examination of prostitutes no fees be charged and no certificates of examination given. Medical officers can keep their own records of names, descriptions, residences and dates of examination, and it is believed that the necessary protection against dis-

ease can in a great measure be secured in this way without the liability of a misunderstanding and the charge of maintaining a system of licensed prostitution.

Root.

It will be observed that Mr. Root's dispatch in no wise abolished the evil: it simply arranged for the public to be kept in ignorance of it.

Mrs. Ellis had an interview a few days ago with Col. C. R. Edwards, chief of the insular division in the War Department. In a letter to the Union Signal she says:

He asked if I knew who had been sending out "the circulars with the picture of the Filipino girl?" I replied, "I sent them." With a laugh he rejoined, "Well, it was legitimate, but it has swamped us; 10 clerks were employed answering the mail, which reached from the floor to my shoulders, and I have been here late into the evening working myself. We expect soon to issue a book answering the many questions we have received, and it will not be a small book, either."

Before making her appeal to the public through the circular, Mrs. Ellis, representing the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, had repeatedly asked Gov. Taft to accord her a ten-minutes' interview, but on the plea of lack of strength he declined to receive her, although he was strong enough to speak at public dinners, besides testifying daily before the Senate committee on the Philippines. If Mrs. Ellis had represented as many organized voters as she did organized Woman's Christian Temperance Union women, Gov. Taft would probably have found himself strong enough to see her.

The socialists declare that woman is a human being and that the ballot is her natural right. They declare that her inferior position is due to the infamous system of private property of which she is a part and which the law of the land upholds, and which she in her disfranchisement is powerless to change. This

is why she has to beg and pray and sit around and pass imploring resolutions which moral lepers like Root throw into the waste basket.

The official recognition of women as an instrument for the gratification of lust shows that she is still tacitly counted an inferior animal and a chattel, despite the grandiloquent tributes paid to her by those who maintain the system which permits of her degradation.

The socialists declare that no woman will be truly respected while any woman is kept in degrading servitude.

The child-prostitute of the Philippines registers the status of woman in the world market.

It is the same "government" which maintains the "official register" in the Philippines and issues licenses to prostitutes that makes a marriage "legal" at home. The socialist refuses to respect such hypocrisy. The socialist is not equal to the charlatanism of respecting a state of society which combines the Bible with the water-cure and the "sanctity of the home" with licensed prostitution.

The socialist is for free womanhood, economic and political. Prostitution in the marriage state is as hateful to woman as prostitution without it. The present State witnesses and licenses her sale in both cases. Only by the abolition of the idea of private property in the things man has no right to own can woman gain her long sought liberty.

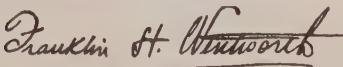
The Socialist Party is the only political organization which declares unequivocally for woman's suffrage and means determinedly that she shall have it. In freeing herself she will help free the world from the basest and most degrading superstitions that have ever enslaved humanity.



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EDITORIAL

Like as a goldsmith beateth out his gold
To other fashions fairer than the old,
So may the spirit, learning ever more,
In ever nobler forms its life infold.

—Sanskrit (Bhartrihari).

ONE of the gladdest experiences that can come to the finite mind is the realization that there is no stage in human progress that is final.

It may be set down as self-evident that the man who thinks he has attained has not yet touched the borders of attainment. Dogmatism is the mark of arrested development. It registers the restriction of the mental and spiritual horizon. Light cannot reach the soul except through the open mind, and to seize upon one truth to the exclusion of other truths is to hitch your wagon to a fragment. Truth is one. We must not mistake a segment of the circle for a straight line because we happen to stand too near to see the curve of it.

There are those who will tell you that if it were not for the competitive struggle mankind would never amount to anything; that strife develops character. These are the ones who have mistaken the segment for a straight line and have traveled off at a tangent. They have confused the idea of man's necessity of overcoming Nature with the idea of man's fighting his fellow, until one idea has been lost in the other.

The competitive struggle never yet produced a noble man. All the real benefactors of the race have either been raised above it, pursuing their investigations in economic security, or they have ignored it altogether by deliberately choosing poverty as the price of their integrity of spirit. That the competitive struggle could produce a man like Jesus, or Socrates, or Galileo, or Newton, or Mazzini is unthinkable. Strife of man against man works moral disintegration; the only thing to be won by it is a soiled plume.

If any of the Successful Ones has still a streak of nobility in him, it is because he has secretly kept some little corner of his life sacred, free from the defilement of the arena in which he has won his fancied supremacy.

The competitive struggle develops the wolf instincts ; you have only to read the face of the Successful One to see how far he has fallen short of nobility of character.

Character is a subtle painter, but the images she limns are unmistakable.

It is true that we must put forth our powers in order to grow. We must live either at the expense of work or at the expense of faculty. Inaction rots the body and dulls and degrades the soul.

But the field of man's striving must not be his fellow. To exploit one another in competitive warfare is the surest method of stifling race progress. He who advocates the competitive struggle as beneficent has a wolf-philosophy of life ; his idea of a *human society* is not yet born. By his belief that acquisitiveness and combativeness are marks of superiority of character he deceives himself and deceives his neighbor and unconsciously helps to keep the world in an atmosphere of animalism.

Animal ethics need not dominate human society, for man can deliberately increase his food supply. All Nature waits to help him. We are meant to overcome our physical environment, not each other. Nature is the field of the cloth-of-gold in which alone fair honor is to be gained.

And if you would see Character, look into the eyes of an old navigator ; one who has struggled with the winds and the waves and mastered them. In him you will see none of those peculiar little wrinkles about the brow and eyes that mark the countenances of the Successful Ones ; all is frank, open integrity. The stars and the wide expanses have somehow gotten into his soul and look calmly out at you.

We have not yet touched the edge of our physical environment. A few of us have been reaching out, and so we have discovered rudimentary principles of steam and electricity and pneumatics and hydraulics ; but so many of us have been fighting one another, and for so long, that we still are living in an unfamiliar universe.

It is Hope, alone, that makes life possible to some ; hope that men may yet so grow in spiritual perception that they will see what character really is and how it may be developed ; what we are here for and how beautiful life might be. For until we recognize the truths which lie at our feet the gates of universal truth will be closed against us. Once we get upon the hills our yearning for wide horizons is awakened.

Surely we must someday see the absurdity of economic fear, here

in a world where fruit trees might thrive along every highway if we only cared to plant them.

And when we see this truth, which ought to be so plain, we will see other truths which are now obscured; truths which will revive dead faiths in the beneficence of the Plan, and lead us grandly up to heights of being of whose clear altitudes the race has not yet dreamed.

"Man is not Man as yet.

Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
While only here and there a star dispels
The darkness, here and there a towering mind
O'erlooks its prostrate fellows ; when the host
Is out at once to the despair of night,
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers—then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy."

Planting a Tree

BY R. W. GILDER

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants a friend of sun and sky;
He plants the flag of breezes free;
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard;
The treble of heaven's harmony—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants cool shade and tender rain,
And seed and bud of days to be,
And years that fade and flush again;
He plants the glory of the plain;

He plants the forest's heritage;
The harvest of the coming age;
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?

He plants, in sap and leaves and wood,
In love of home and loyalty,
And far-cast thought of civil good—
His blessing on the neighborhood
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land—
A nation's growth from sea to sea
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

The Dragon's Teeth

"For the Dragon's Teeth are the little letters of the alphabet, sown by Cadmus to breed dissension upon earth."

There are few things so beautiful as a printed page. See the little hieroglyphs—dragon's teeth—sowed in rows with such nice precision. Can a printer be criticised,—can a maker of books be criticised, for loving his work?

And what a growth may spring from a page's sowing—nay, a word's. The hieroglyphs may be so set in a single word that they will tear your heart out.

A man may read a word and sink to the earth in a swoon; he may read another and leap with shouts of victory.

Sharp teeth indeed are these little characters of Cadmus'; sharp to gnaw at our vitals.

A single line of type may change the current of a life-stream—a tiny dyke to deflect the pent-up waters.

There was a man who went about a few years ago with dull eyes, hating the world as a place of infamy. He saw gaunt women working late into the night, blear-eyed and worn with sleepless, hopeless toil. He looked into the factories; into the rag-rooms of paper mills, and there he saw little children working beside grandmothers; little children who ought to be playing in the sunshine; grandmothers who by a life of toil had earned a quiet place in the chimney corner. His soul rebelled at what he saw, for on the street in which he lived was a family which sent its pug dogs out for an airing in a victoria phaeton drawn by horses in silver-mounted harness. There were two men up behind in bright buttons. They were the dogs' lackeys.

The man was so sorry the good, common things of life—food and clothing and shelter—were so scarce that little children and grandmothers had to toil for them, and strong men had to degrade themselves to the level of dog-lackeys. But there seemed no help for it. If there wasn't enough, there wasn't.

This man had a friend who was un-

worried, who went about smiling and happy, unmoved by the things he saw. When he spoke to this friend the friend replied that he needed the consolation of religion. He would then see that everything was all right. Providence moved in too mysterious ways for men to understand. His friend told him to

He had never gone to church much, but he went to see the preacher, because his heart was heavy and he wanted to see things happily, as his friend did.

The preacher was a good man, kindly and honest, helping whom he could, following the light he had.

When he told the preacher about the little children, and the grandmothers, and the gaunt, blear-eyed women, the preacher wept honest tears. He was truly sorry. The man could see that the preacher was sincere.

The preacher said that we were here to relieve such suffering all we could; it was all in the inscrutable Divine plan. God had given us the poor; why, we knew not; we must make their lives as bearable as possible by charitable works and acts of kindly service. We must trust God and have faith; faith in His infinite goodness; faith that all would come right, for He is all-powerful and beneficent.

Then the man saw why his friend could be so happy; it was because he blamed it all on God. God was all-powerful, God was responsible; for him to interfere or to worry was to doubt God.

The man thought of the grandmothers and the little children and the gaunt, blear-eyed women, and the pug dogs and the lackeys, and he felt that he would like to catch the Responsible One and kick him good. He could have made a better world himself; any just man could. It seemed to him that his friend and the preacher were bowing to a being who was inferior to a common gentleman. Their God was not as good as they said and ordained the things he did.

The preacher had not given the man much comfort, so he went among the

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philosophers, and got none from them either, except one conclusion—that of Professor Huxley. The sum of Professor Huxley's great researches was the declaration that if human society had reached its ultimate in the class system of the very rich and the very poor then the best thing which could happen to the world would be for a comet to come along and bump it into the demnition bow-wows.

This is not a very happy philosophy. It is a better philosophy to die in than to live in. Huxley died in it; but the man we are talking about after reaching the same conclusion had to go on living. That was harder.

One day he picked up a discarded newspaper in a railroad train and read a long column of short paragraphs.

This was one of them:

Few people realize the great resources of the state of Texas. Enough grain could be grown in Texas by ordinary cultivation to feed the present population of the world.

He read the paragraph again. Then he read it again. Then he read it once more. Then his eyes wandered away to the fleeting landscape as the train sped on, and his imagination conjured up the thousands and thoousands of wretched homes in America in which, every night, little children went crying supperless to bed; *little children went crying supperless to bed in a country of which a single state could feed the world.*

He felt a fierce contraction of the heart.

The dragon's teeth had bitten him and he was thenceforth fated to sow dissension upon earth.

Cadmus, back in the twilight of history, had with patient fingers framed the little hieroglyphs which this day were to picture forth to one man a revelation. Cadmus had sown the dragon's teeth which, replanted innocently by some printer in praise of Texas, had reached out subtly from a printed page and fastened upon a good man's heart.

Oh, subtle little letters! Between the

very lines the quickened soul may glean oftentimes a meaning.

A great, manful wrath arose in this man's heart; wrath at his training; at that base, lying education which turned with folded hands to a God, laying upon him the blame for human stupidity.

Religion? Nay, devil worship! The good preacher was bowing in his ignorance to a devil, not a god. Did his god make the world? Then he made the state of Texas and its fertility. What would the generous giver of such a state—nay, of forty states—think of men who would let little children starve in these states and blame the giver for their starvation?

In his ignorance the preacher was blaspheming. Good, well-meaning man that he was, in his ignorance he insulted grossly the being he professed to worship.

These are the thoughts which came to the man after the dragon's teeth had bitten him.

And with these thoughts came also a great joy; the realization that he now had a work to do. The universe after all was sincere. The faith that was dead revived. He would take men by the shoulders and shake them into life; he would sow dragon's teeth, he himself would carry on the work which Cadmus had begun!

He would sow the teeth of the dragon on highway and byway until they should rend the heart of the stupid world, until crime, poverty, wretchedness and devil-worship should vanish from an earth of plenty.

And so now he goes his way with joy in his heart at last. Not the irresponsible, fatuous, shallow joy of his friend who has "the consolation of religion," but the deep, holy joy of a purposeful man whose soul is in tune with that Infinite whose love for men is so great that it is unmoved to wrath even at their blasphemy.

And wherever the art of printing has modified the ignorance of the savage the dragon's teeth are sprouting. Wher-

ever there is a man who reads with open mind, there is there bred dissension. Wherever an earnest man sits with a pen, wherever a race-lover bends at the printer's ease for a cause's sake, there the dragon's teeth are growing.

You who are reading this now: There is here some word or some sentence which you will never forget. For the little letters of Cadmus upon this page are breeding dissension, and they will go on breeding dissension until wrong and injustice shall be banished from the earth.

The Silly St. Louis Fair

The postponement of the St. Louis Exposition until 1904 is finally determined upon, because of the impossibility of getting ready in ten months from now a \$20,000,000 show. The managers will do well if they get the show ready for visitors in 1904.—*Springfield Republican*.

A twenty-million-dollar show.

And in hot old St. Louis; not old St. Louis.

Surely local capitalism and local landlordism never planned for their profit a thing more grotesque.

They have the colossal impudence to assert in the public prints that in July and August and September people will voluntarily, in their right minds, go to St. Louis to attend their show and help to pay for it.

As if anyone ever went to St. Louis twice who could help it.

You go into a hotel on a July afternoon after blistering your feet on the hot bricks of the street: and ask the clerk for a "cool room."

The suave rascal knows he has none,—outside of the refrigerator,—but he carefully picks you out one and rings the bell. A dripping African slides up and grasps your bag. "Show the gentleman up to 408."

It's hot in 408, but at least it's out of the blistering sun.

You hope it will be cooler by night.

But a night in the Missouri or Mississippi bottoms would drive His Satanic Majesty back to home quarters.

You can't stay in bed in pools of

perspiration; so you get up and sit in the window in your nightgown—and fight mosquitos. You lean far out of the window to see if there isn't a bit of air stirring somewhere; but there isn't; it's like being buried alive.

So you sit, all night, waiting for dawn.

The dawn-wind allays the stifle, and you crawl back into bed, stretch your weary body, and fall asleep at last.

In thirty minutes the flies wake you up.

You are in fine condition to spend the day looking at exhibits of Kansas corn.

The only reason that St. Louis is having an exposition is that it's the turn of St. Louis landlords and "business men" to get a share of appropriated plunder.

Chicago, Atlanta, Nashville, Omaha, Buffalo—local capital in each place has had its gamble.

And now St. Louis.

Besides the local commercial influences which make for public fairs there is now a vast horde of parasites these expositions have built up who get their living that way. They move about from one to the other "in charge of exhibits." No sooner does one exposition fritter to its close than they begin to pull wires for another.

There is the "official staff" with its places for broken-down congressmen and other political hucksters out of a job; departments of this, and departments of that, paying all the way up to \$5,000 a year, from a year or two before, to a year after, the show.

And the working people—the common people—pay.

This money is appropriated out of general taxation by the states and by the nation.

When you buy a pound of tea, or coffee, or sugar, or a bit of tobacco, or a pair of shoes, you pay your share of it.

The middle class at least is waking up to this; the working class cannot express itself, as it has no representatives either in state or nation.

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The Maryland legislature has refused to appropriate a cent for the St. Louis capitalists and landlords. It is sick of the game.

In New York too there was a disposition to send them only \$50,000 of the people's money; but George Gould owns the Wabash railroad, the trunk line into St. Louis from the East, so he went to see Governor Odell and showed him how undignified it would be for the great state of New York to appropriate less than \$500,000.

It is such a pretty business; not quite as direct, perhaps, as highway robbery, but just as satisfactory.

The New York legislature takes the people's funds and makes a show at St. Louis, so that Mr. Gould's railroad may make money for the "count" of Castellane, his brother, to spend in drunken orgies in Paris. The people of New York, the exposition at St. Louis, and the Wabash railroad with its thousands of underpaid workers, all hustling for the "count" of Castellane, who seldom hustles, for anybody, himself!

The "count" must think the world is all right.

And now the game is to postpone the show.

This will keep the exposition parasites in jobs a year or two longer.

But think of giving the performance in Presidential year! How interested everybody will be in an old fake show in a blistering hot town!

But the exposition parasites are secure whether anybody comes or not. They have reached into the pockets of the people for their swag in advance—long before the doors open.

"How nice!" exclaims the wily St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. "If we have it in 1904 both the great national conventions will meet here."

No doubt the Missouri politicians will do their best, as it is the capitalist interest located principally in St. Louis which keeps them in their government jobs. They certainly did some tall

hustling in Congress to get \$5,000,000 of the people's money for their exposition—a very interesting amount of loot.

Besides this it is of course expected that the federal government will put up its usual exhibit.

This exhibit does not fail to interest.

The middle class which attends these wearisome exhibitions gapes at the military part of them without understanding it. But the thoughtful understand. There is no mistaking its significance.

The government's exhibit, setting forth the nature of its functions and the extent of its activities, is interesting to everybody and acquaints the people with what the government is doing.

But those who have followed the government's exhibit through a round of expositions—from Chicago to Atlanta, to Nashville, to Omaha, and lastly to Buffalo—cannot but have noticed the relative growth in importance of the military and naval features of the demonstration. From the beginning these were apt to overshadow such peacefully interesting and instructive settings forth as in the ethnological, geological and other sections of this character, along with the exposition of the government's work in the fisheries and the postal, life-saving, river and harbor and other civil services. But at Buffalo the war feature was more conspicuous by far than ever before—and private manufacturers of arms and war equipment and supplies of all kinds added largely to this display in adjoining buildings. In point of space taken up the war exhibits form more than one-half of the government's whole exhibit, and in point of manifested popular interest it constituted nearly the whole show. More models of war ships were here displayed than have been seen together before outside of Washington. More than one-half the new navy was thus represented, and in duplicate nearly all. The display of weapons, both army and navy, was profuse and extended out into the surrounding yard where the heavier ordnance, mounted around sample sections of fortifications and on car-

riages in the open field, entertained the people.

Passing by the traditional wooden figures in military clothes designed to set forth changes in uniform over periods of time, the crowd was able to turn from a sight of the new navy with true models of its 13-inch and smaller guns to a scenic representation of the deck of a man-of-war where, in most impressive grandeur, stood the admiral of the navy, surrounded by rear-admirals, captains, commanders, lieutenants, ensigns, gunners, etc., each in his proper uniform.

The pomp and glory of war was certainly set forth most attractively and abundantly, and war also *as a chief function and activity of government*.

The military spirit among the bourgeoisie, the class which always stupidly lends itself to the undoing of liberty, surely does not suffer by all this sentiment-making display. The American government is true to life in thus making war a greater feature than ever of its later exposition exhibits.

What the display at St. Louis is to be is not yet set forth; but judging by that which has gone before it is likely the fact that the principal business of government, wholesale murder, will be still further accentuated.

And so these silly enterprises, besides looting the people's pockets for local capitalism and landlordism, corrupt the people's morals and turn them from thoughts of peace to thoughts of hideous war.

And meanwhile the humble worker who pays for it all plods, and plods, and plods.

He does not go to the exposition.

He builds, but he enters not in at the turnstile.

"Everybody is out of town," reads the *Globe-Democrat* in the pitiless August days.

Is everybody?

If one takes a turn about certain parts of St. Louis he may, perhaps, see a few.

But they are "nobodies," all: they are doing the world's work.

A Railroad Financier

E. V. COOKE IN LIPPINCOTT'S

He was president of a railroad, and so terribly close was he
He hated to let the conductor and engineer ride free.

And once a train struck a farmer's cow
and threw her into the air,
And she lit on the cowcatcher coming down, and they didn't know she was there.

She was carried ten miles before they stopped, and what could the farmer do?

For the cow, by a miracle, wasn't hurt,
so he had no grounds to sue;
And on top of that he received a bill
which made him sweat and swear—
For the president wouldn't give up his cow till he paid her railroad fare.



Remember

BY GEORGE D. HERRON



Are you still seeking to do good?
Are you still seeking a way to tell all you see?
Are you still seeking somewhere—you know not where—for
something to add unto life to make it beautiful?
Remember the word that long ago came to you in the mount
of your beholding—
Be you reconciled to life;
Seek in life for your atonement;
Search life for the law and beauty of being, and by that law
and beauty labor;
Make your life a communion with life, so that the soul thereof
may confide in you—
Telling you its innermost secret,
Showing you its uttermost goal.
It is only life that counts—
Not the writing of books,
Nor an acknowledged sainthood,
Nor the proclamation of reforms—
Not these, but life.
Life alone can find life, or reveal it—
Life that is truth, and not repute;
Life that is truth, and not convention;
Life that is truth, and not calculation;
Life that has the primal integrity of the elements;
Life that is naked, and not ashamed;
Life that is love, and love that is will;
Life that takes no account of itself—
No more than the rose which the morning kisses,
No more than the soft winds that play their symphony of faith
for the listening trees.
Be you reconciled to life;
Give life your heart and confidence—
Even your own broken life;
And the world and you shall be saved.

Pegli, Italy, April 13, 1902.



JOHN MITCHELL

"Conscious of the great responsibility resting upon us, apprehensive of the great danger threatening our commercial supremacy should the coal miners of the entire United States become participants in this struggle, we repeat our proposition to arbitrate all questions in dispute, and if our premises are wrong, if our position is untenable, if our demands cannot be sustained by facts and figures, we will again return to the mines, take up our tools of industry and await the day when we shall have a more righteous cause to claim the approval of the American People."

Studies in the Strike Field

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

A miners' glee club has gained possession of the hotel parlor. Its members, with their friends, have gathered to do simple honor to their chief. He sits silently in a corner, where a shadow lingers on his face and strengthens the reflection of the responsibility he feels. He has large eyes, matching the color of his black hair. They look tired and it is a sad smile that hovers around his

mouth—a smile that halts you and impels attention. The wearer of that smile may be listening to the singing but his thoughts are elsewhere—probably revolving around the forthcoming national convention he has called today.

John Mitchell may not be a socialist, and even now he may not grasp the full significance of the struggle of which he

is the leading figure, and to thousands of participants the moving spirit, but there is something about his face to-night that quickens sympathy and provokes regard. Instinctively you feel a desire to always think of this face as belonging to an honest man—a man who is fighting a great fight as faithfully as he can.

The singers cluster together in a circle, their eyes glistening with enthusiasm, their toil-marked faces radiating keen enjoyment. Their voices are splendid, and their director beams with pride at the result of his training. All sorts of songs make up the programme, which, by the way, stretches out to undue length. But there is time to sing, for there is no work on the morrow.

Classical songs predominate and heavy numbers are excellently rendered. A visitor proudly whispers that this is the club that carried off first prize at the Scranton contest, defeating rivals from all over the state. This probably accounts for the confidence displayed.

After awhile individual members sing—one, with real feeling, a love song, stirring and sweet, and no ordinary melody. Then a young fellow, in blushing response to a request, delivers himself of a patriotic song in which the flag cuts a large figure, the flag in whose name these very men are so often wronged. Each number is followed by vociferous applause, augmented by the approval of a listening crowd in the street.

There is nothing pretentious about this entertainment. Between numbers the visitors comment and joke freely. They are sure of one another, and no self-consciousness mars their intercourse. A young man, staggering in under a big tray loaded to the rim with glasses, also receives applause as his reward. Beer, "soft drinks" and cigars are disposed of without ceremony but with much relish.

Finally, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" is given, fervently and lustily. Then, gradually singers and friends say good-night and tramp noisily down stairs, some expressing their pleasure, others still

humming snatches of song, while the man they have honored watches them depart, with the same sad smile set deeper than ever on his face.

* * *

"I have worked there eighteen years," said my companion, pointing toward the mine we were passing, "and I'm no better off to-day than I was then."

"You have saved nothing in all that time?"

"Saved? Huh, I'd like to see you save under the same circumstances. But I'll get along for a few months yet. I'll hold it down with the best of 'em, if I have got a large family. Oh, I'll fight 'em. If they were all like me, that old breaker would rot before another pound of coal would run through it, if we don't get what we want."

He was an old man, and his back was bent so that you wondered how tall he would be if he could straighten up. He was a little boy when he first went underground in Germany fifty years ago. Now he has a wife and eight children, five boys and three girls. Three of the boys work around the mine.

"They are good boys," he said. "They work steady and they help a great deal. I have a hard time to get along without them."

"Have they ever gone to school?"

"No, they get no chance. They have to go to work," shaking his head sadly. "But it was not my fault. I do the best I could. . . . I don't drink—that is, I take a glass of schnapps, but that counts for nothing. I want them to go to school, but"—he turned and shook his fist at the mine—"they rob us for years at that hole."

He related the benefit the union had been to them; how the dockage had been lessened 10 per cent at one mine and 6 per cent at another, powder reduced in price, and numerous smaller grievances adjusted. But the chief benefit came from the greater freedom enjoyed by the men.

"That's why those bosses want to smash the union. We can talk now—before we were afraid to open our

mouths, even to each other. That is, the other fellows were. They couldn't shut my mouth. I always speak out. I always say what I think. Those bosses, they know me. They say, 'Old Andy, he takes no fooling.' They call me anarchist and other bad names, because they know I'm a socialist and speak the truth."

table hovels, but inside they were neat and clean. The rent was \$8.50 a month, for five rooms.

"Say, what you think of that?" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Robbery, eh? Ach, mein Gott, how long you think this go on?"

I inquired if he lived in a house of his own.



Photo by Mailly

EFFIGY AT ASHLEY, PA.

This is one of the effigies hung by strike sympathisers to show their contempt for the men remaining at work. These effigies were hung in the night, and it was usually a mystery how they were gotten into place. The figures invariably held a card upon which were written the names of "scabs." This practice was found quite effective, but has been almost entirely stopped throughout the region through the orders and influence of the miners' union. The row of houses in the background are rented by the company for \$8.50 a month, and are typical of the company houses of the region.

I wish I could reproduce the defiant tone, with the German accent, and picture you the rugged face lit with pride and fire.

"Yes, we fight for the union. We know what it means now. I see fellows who used to take what those bosses give and say nothing, now talk out like myself. It makes me feel good here" (his hand on his heart) "to see it."

We stopped to look over some company houses. Outside they were veri-

No, he rented from a landlord, a better house than the company could give.

"I wouldn't live in one of those houses. I have a garden; and mine frau, she has nice flowers. We make out good; better than others. How they live? I do not know. Always in debt, never see any money."

The sun was hot, and he wiped his face with a red cotton handkerchief. His indignation was growing.

"Oh, I could tell you things! Some-

THE SOCIALIST SPIRIT

times we work all day, then come out and find our checks missing. That means we lose the coal for that day. Those damned thieves get the coal for nothing. Some days we stay in there and get no cars to load; then we come out poorer. There's oil and powder to pay for. What shall we do? When we kick, the boss he say, 'If you don't like it, you know what you can do.' Well,

Those bosses they run everything again. We have a good union, then we vote as we please. No bluffing then. You understand, eh?"

And I think I did.

* * *

Here is a group of boys who work in the breakers and mines. None of them will admit to being under fourteen. The eldest is barely that, while others are



Photo by Mailly

GROUP OF BREAKER BOYS

The cottage in the background is owned by the company and rents for \$6.50 a month. It consists of four rooms, with kitchen. The average wage of miners employed by this company averages from \$35 to \$40 a month, out of which must come rent, coal and the necessities of life.

I tell him what I think of him but I don't quit. Ugh, it is the same wherever you go."

Before we parted, I answered some queries about the socialist movement, how it was progressing among the workers everywhere.

"Ach, that is good. You think we win out soon, hey? You think I live to see it? But that would be too good. But we are going to win this strike anyhow. We must keep our union. If we don't, then we have socialism neither.

much younger. Their wages average from 50 cents to 90 cents a day of ten hours. When the day is shorter their pay is so much less in proportion.

They go to work young because their parents need their wages. A girl baby is not effusively welcomed in the coal field.

Work in the breakers is very hard. The boys bend over a chute, and pick slate from out the coal as it rushes past to the washers. This position, constantly sustained, is especially severe on the

back and distorts the body. The coal is hard and in the picking process the boys' fingers are continually torn and bleeding. But they become accustomed to this and don't mind it, so they say.

Confinement in the black breakers and the dark mines insures a limited acquaintance with the sun. The boys seldom receive any education, apart from that afforded by a night school, which

but looked hardly twelve, walking painfully on crutches. He was a chubby little fellow, accounted for by the fact that he had been out of the mines four months. He had gotten his ankle broken by having his foot caught in a mule stretcher.

Notwithstanding all this, the breaker boy is full of spirit, but his fun, like his environment, is rather coarse. He

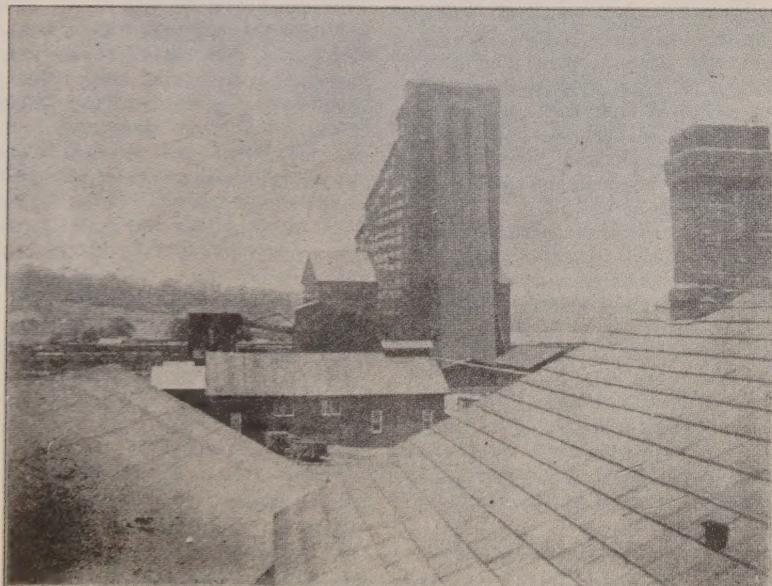


Photo by Mailly

COAL BREAKERS AT ASHLEY, PA.

This is the largest coal breaker in the Wyoming Valley and is owned by the Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal and Railroad Company. The group of boys in the other picture work in this breaker.

their work in the day time renders them incapable of attending or appreciating. Few of them can read or write.

When the breaker boy grows old enough he goes into the mine, where he becomes a "nipper" (door tender), a car-switcher or a driver. From that time he is doomed to a miner's life.

Work in the mines is more dangerous than in the breakers. The boy assumes the risks that the miners do, and sometimes more, for he cannot help himself. I saw one boy, who said he was thirteen,

is a typical Gavroche, daring, witty, and wild, and a hard subject for slavery.

At present, the boys are most vehement and terribly serious in their support of the strike, ever on the alert for "scabs." Woe betide the one that falls into their hands.

They are having a vacation just now, in the right season, and they are taking full advantage of it. Wherever one goes in the strike region the boy slaves of the mines are to be seen playing and romping, enjoying themselves as never before

in their short lives. That is one beneficial feature of the strike which the daily press does not mention or comment upon. * * *

They came trooping across the road, carrying their buckets and bundles, and talking in a strange tongue. Sunbonnets covered their heads, admitting only a glimpse of their tanned faces. Their feet were bare and brown, and the loose clothes permitted free play to the graceful body swing that comes of healthy, outdoor exercise.

When we stopped them and asked permission to take their pictures they looked surprised and then, with feminine instinct, glanced down at their clothes in dismay and astonishment. Two of them blushed and walked on with their heads in the air.

The elderly women hesitated and smiled at each other questioningly. The younger ones exhibited varying degrees of indecision, anxiety and amusement.

At last, after some pleading, they ranged themselves in an uneven line across the road, laughing softly the while, as if the whole affair was a very good joke. They couldn't quite understand why anyone should want their pictures, garbed as they were, but they entered into the spirit of the thing kindly and unaffectedly.

These were the wives and daughters of strikers, returning home after a day's work in the fields, whither they had gone

at five o'clock in the morning. It was now six in the evening. Their work consisted of planting, pulling weeds, picking strawberries and the like. For this they receive from 25 to 40 cents a day.

Through this, families are supported during the strike. These women, I am told, are more determined than the men, and they are satisfied to do this work all summer rather than have their husbands and fathers and brothers lose. They are happy to help in the fight.

When the picture was taken they broke and ran up the hill, laughing loudly and chattering gaily over their experience. I watched the litesome figures until they disappeared over the old culm bank, and when I turned to my companions, away in the distance an electric car came bobbing into view. As I shook hands and said goodby a glint of something white caught my eye and I looked up.

Over the edge of the culm bank several sunbonnets were peeping furtively. I waved my hat. A half dozen figures showed themselves and a half dozen hands signaled farewell. The car stopped and as I got aboard, musical and clear from half a dozen throats came a cry:

"Gooda fellah! Gooda fellah!"

Next moment they were gone.

And as I returned to the city, with that cry lingering in my ears, my soul felt uplifted and refreshed as from a draught of Nature undefiled.

Boston Charity

FROM THE BOSTON POST (Italics by the editor)

STARVED IN A GRAIN ELEVATOR. PITIFUL PLIGHT OF TWO TRAMPS ON CHANDLER STREET.

Beneath the grain elevator on Chandler street, in an old unused locker, the existence of which had been well nigh forgotten, the employees of the Boston & Albany road yesterday afternoon found two unfortunate hoboes, one evidently dying, the other half-starved and far too weak to seek assistance.

One of the two is already dead, and his unfortunate companion, arrested on a charge of vagrancy, *will probably be sentenced to-day as the reward of his fidelity to his injured comrade.*

The two men when discovered yesterday gave their names and addresses as Charles F. Webster of Indiana place, and James Brown, no home. The former died last night in terrible anguish at the City Hospital. The latter when in-

formed of his end gave the following pathetic story of their circumstances.

Just six weeks ago both Webster and Brown, knights of the freight trucks, and companions for years, left Albany en route for Boston. Riding the bumpers they reached Boston and were well within the yard, when Webster lost his balance and fell to the tracks. Brown heard his cry and jumped, finding his friend badly injured.

Brown carried his suffering companion to the rear of the grain elevator and gained access to the locker.

Convinced that a request for medical aid would result in the arrest of both, Webster refused to allow his comrade to notify any one. The plight of the two men was soon most desperate. Brown hid in the dark locker through the day and only ventured forth at night to beg food enough to last through the following day.

All this time Webster's condition was getting gradually worse. His wounds began to mortify, his head, which had been badly cut, swelled frightfully, and the agony caused by a dislocated shoulder brought on delirium. He was dying by inches and his comrade did not know it.

Yesterday afternoon groans were heard by the railroad men, and finally led to the discovery of the sufferers.

When the police took them to Station 5 yesterday Webster's condition was revolting, gangrene having set in on his wounds. He died just after sundown.

If able to appear in court to-day Brown will come up for sentence.

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